

Rom. 11. 20.  
Rom. 5. 2.  
1 Cor. 16. 13.  
Ephes. 6. 11.  
Vers. 13.

Stand up to your Beliefe,  
O R,

Ephes. 6. 14.  
2 Thes. 2. 15.  
Gal. 5. 1.  
1 Pet. 5. 12.

# ACOMBAT BETWEENE SATAN TEMPTING, AND A CHRISTIAN TRIUMPHING In the comfort of the CREED.

Mar. 16. 16

Lam. 9. 19.

John 9. 31.

Luk. 11. 13.

Ezek. 18. 4.

Mat. 11. 28

Eph. 3. 20.

Psa. 14. 5.

1 Pet. 4. 19.

Heb. 12. 6.

Mar. 1. 21.

John 9. 34.

Rom. 6. 2.

Cap. 5. 2. 1

Rom. 8. 3

qP. 2. 11, 12.

Rom. 5. 8.

Luk. 1. 35.

Ephes. 2. 2.

Isa. 9. 6.

John 1. 7.

Luk. 1. 46.

Isa. 59. 2

Mat. 26. 2

Job. 19. 4.

Rom. 2. 9.

Al. 2. 36.

38.

Hef. 13. 14

1 Cor. 15.

55.

Phil. 2. 7. 8.

Eph. 4. 9.

Rom. 4. 25.

**Sathan.** **W**hy dost with hope, vile wretch thy soule deceive?  
Thou must be damn'd. (Ch.) Not so, for **I Belieue**  
Yea, so doe I, and yet I feele Hels rod.  
**Ch.** Thou but believ'st God is, I trust **in God,**  
**Sa.** What thou a sinner's, trust? thou tempt'st him rather  
**Ch.** Whom should the poore child trust, if not **the Father?**  
**Sa.** The soule that finnes must die, thy finnes are weighry.  
**Ch.** Yet God can pardon them, for hee's **Almighty**  
**Sa.** But hee's of wicked men a just forsaker,  
**Ch.** Yet kind to what he made, and hee's my **'maker**  
**Sa.** Why hath he made thee smart thus from thy birth?  
**Ch.** This is but love from Lord **of Heaben and Earth,**  
**Sa.** Harke God and Angels cry, thou dost displease us.  
**Ch.** And yet in God's my comfort, **'and in Jesus,**  
**Sa.** In sinne th'art borne and bred, and dost persist. **Christ,**  
**Ch.** As sinne abounds in me, so grace in **Christ,**  
**Sa.** Why speak'st of grace? the Law makes thee undone.  
**Ch.** Nay then, why did God send **his onely Sonne?**  
**Sa.** Are not all sinners of his Sonne abhor'd?  
**Ch.** No none, who strive to serve him as **'our Lord,**  
**Sa.** But God can't die, of hope thou art bereav'd.  
**Ch.** But yet his manhood may **'which was conceived**  
**Sa.** How can man made of woman, save the lost?  
**Ch.** Yes, being made perfect **'by the holy Ghost,**  
**Sa.** But thou by nature art a wretch forlorne, **'borne,**  
**Ch.** And yet to me in mercy a Child is **'of the Virgin,**  
**Sa.** But thou art filthy, and thy heart wants purging.  
**Ch.** His blood doth cleanse me, who came **'Mary,**  
**Sa.** Presumptuous men, thus to tempt Christ how dare yee?  
**Ch.** We tempt not Christ, we joy in Christ with **'suffer'd under,**  
**Sa.** Thou joy'st in vaine, from him sinne puts thee asunder,  
**Ch.** Both sinne and sinfull men he **'Pontius Pilate,**  
**Sa.** What suffer sinne, yet just? thy folly I smile at.  
**Ch.** The sinne was mine, he just, faith **'was crucified,**  
**Sa.** But still the punishments of thy finnes abide, **'dead,**  
**Ch.** No, for to quit them, he **'and buried,**  
**Sa.** Ah! but the sting of death will wound thy head.  
**Ch.** No: Christ pul'd out this sting when he was **'he descended:**  
**Sa.** Can he give life who lies himselfe interred?  
**Ch.** Yes: and with him my finnes are hid **'into Hell.**  
**Sa.** Thy poore and meane estate shewes Christ's offended,  
**Ch.** Shall I thinke much to stoope, when **'the third day he arose againe,**  
**Sa.** Fear'st not the scorching flames of my dark: Cell?  
**Ch.** Christ went, that I might not goe  
**Sa.** How art assur'd he freed thee from this paine?  
**Ch.** Because

And so Captivity he captive led,  
Rising in glorious triumph  
Nor was my Saviours glory herein ended,  
But after he was risen  
To fit a place for me, and so hath given  
Sure hope that I shall follow him  
Where now in all my griefe, and dumpish fits,  
He heares my prayers, there he rests  
Observe his Majesty, he doth not stand  
Inferiour like, but sits  
Not of some earthly Prince, but his abode  
Is in the high and heavenly house  
Whereas his onely Sonne he rules, the rather  
Can he make my requests knowne to  
That for his sake, my finnes which he found weighty  
May be forgiven by him which is  
**Sa.** If th'art so sure, then sinne, here's thy defence,  
That Christ's in heaven, (Ch.) Oh no, he sees  
And waites till wicked men fill up the sum  
And measure of their finnes, then  
Riding with thousands Saints, on clouds all spread  
In flames of fire **to judge the quicke and dead,**  
**Sa.** Then thou condemn'd shalt be, oh feare and grieve  
**Ch.** Satan, I still deny it, for **'I believe**  
**Sa.** In whom believ'st, that thus thou vantagest thy boast?  
**Ch.** In Father, Sonne, and **in the holy Ghost,**  
Who ne're forsakes nor leaves in desperato lurch,  
Those who are of **the holy Catholike Church,**  
Let him but take me to himselfe in union,  
And give me with his people **the Communion**  
I'm safe, for he to helpe them never faints  
Who keepe the band of peace, and faith **of Saints**  
**Sa.** Thy waies are crooked and in them's no evennes,  
**Ch.** In mee's the sinne, in God is **'the forgiveness**  
And here my never ending joy begins,  
To know that hee's the pardoner  
Hee'l therefore take mee to his high protection  
When the last trumpe shall sound  
Void sinne and Sathan both, my soule why load ye  
With desperate words? this temple  
Wherein corruption now and sinne is rife  
Shall come to perfect glory  
Not such vaine earthly life which still is wasting,  
But that blest life of Heaven that's  
O Lord increase my faith, and grace, that then  
I may behold the glory of thy face,

from the dead, **h Eph. 4. 8.**  
**'be Ascended,** **Colos. 2. 15.**  
**into Heaben,** **John 3. 13.**  
**and sits** **John 14. 2.**  
**at the right hand,** **John 16. 13.**  
**of God,** **John 3. 18.**  
**the Father,**  
**Almighty,**  
**from thence,** **Gen. 15. 16.**  
**shall be come,** **Rom. 2. 5.**  
**'I believe** **1 Peter 1. 15**  
**in the holy Ghost,** **John 2. 18.**  
**the holy Catholike Church,** **Mat. 28. 20**  
**the Communion** **Heb. 13. 5.**  
**of Saints** **John 17. 20**  
**'the forgiveness** **2 Cor. 5. 21.**  
**of finnes,** **Ephes. 4. 4.**  
**the resurrection** **Rom. 3. 12.**  
**of the body** **1 Peter 7. 4.**  
**and the life** **Al. 5. 31.**  
**everlasting.** **1 Thes. 4. 16.**  
**Amen.** **Rom. 7. 24.**  
**Printed at London by E. G.**  
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**yard in Essex.**

Eph. 6. 16.  
Vers. 17.  
1 Tim. 6. 13  
Jam. 4. 8.  
Rom. 16. 20  
2 Pet. 2. 9.  
1 Cor. 10. 13  
2 Tim. 2. 4  
Rom. 8. 37.

**F**irst take this Shield of Faith to arme your hearts,  
And if this quench not Sathan's fiery darts,  
(But frequent tempting blowes doe crush the Shield)  
The Word's a Sword, take that, if he not yeeld,  
Yet fight thou and resist, there's one can doe't,  
The God of Peace will tread him under foote,  
Ner'e striving Soules, gainst whom such stroakes have past,  
But that their Captaine fo'rt them off at last.  
That Grace which first unto this Combat moves thee,  
Make thee a Conquerour, through him that loves thee.

FINIS.

By THO. JOHNSON. A.  
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